

# THE By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD Illustrated by J.G. Stephenson

JUSTINA NEITERDAHL was famous for her shoulders; they were said to be the most beautiful shoulders in America. Justina married Simms-Vane, whose name will always stand for a vast fortune in merchandising. He died over 20 years ago.

To her John Simms-Vane was the world and she never recovered from the shock of his death. For nearly two decades she has been a hopeless paralytic.

As one bends over her to listen to her voice, seldom more than a whisper, one can smell the faint perfume of a withered rose, said one of her attendants. "She is inert—like a faded flower."

Miller the Hawk began to take an interest in Mrs. Simms-Vane from the rainy evening when Thomas Ford, a discharged worker at the Fifth Avenue branch of Downing and Co. jewelers, of Amsterdam and London, was told into the rathskeller on Fourteenth Street, known as "The Grotto."

But the Simms-Vane necklace is as interesting a piece as one would wish to see," said Ford, trying to focus his eyes upon the Hawk. "It's a chance to see the Thirty-three, as we call it. The old dame is paralyzed so stiff that they say she is as brittle as blown glass, but she still has her whims and one of them is to keep a forty-thousand-dollar trinket where she can see it every day. She has it in a box right in her own room at the time. The story goes that her husband gave it to her on her 33d birthday, and it alternates between white and canary stones in a setting done by Bolland. There's a piece of sentiment for you! Thirty-three stones like them and an invalid's room as if they were a string of horse chestnuts! Gad! What a comedy!"

It took The Hawk five months to plant Lucille Galliene in the Simms-Vane household. The process required that the Hawk, who was a dancer at one of New York's gilded cafes and that he slide down the ladder of social distinction to the position of chauffeur. So did he make the acquaintance and gain the goodwill of that particular employment agency which furnished the servants to the Vane establishment. He had had too high a regard for his own liberty to risk taking the "inside of the job" himself. He was introduced to the employment agency, the pretty young Lucille, who, by her demure manner, her clear-blue eyes and pointed, and finally he was able to make a favorable impression. In fact, the impression was so good that Lucille had difficulty in avoiding the places of the dancing hall, and delay which preceded the marriage and retirement from service of the parlor maid at the Simms-Vane mansion.

Lucille Galliene, an orphan, had been the accomplice of a fashionable milliner. The Hawk had seen her. "Any girl who has been used to sell two dollars' worth of junk in the form of glue, straw and dressmakers' scraps for 25 cents from the street, already," This was a year after The Hawk's careless, easy, affectionate ways and Lucille's spirit, courage and eternal opening-flower freshness of appearance had made the two seem indispensable to each other. The Hawk was over 20 and appeared as 20. Lucille was over 25 and appeared as 17. Furthermore, when The Hawk had said to her, "You are the most beautiful girl in the world," the Galliene girl had snuffed at him and said: "I am no toy, my dear. It's to be paid and an honest-to-goodness wedding or you can fade." This was a new experience to Lucille, he liked it. He was a bit tired of his own vanity.

WHEN the 25th day of September dawned, Lucille had acted as parlor maid at the Simms-Vane house for more than two weeks. She had had no meetings with Miller, her reports had been good, his hints may be considered them masterly. In the rough news they transmitted in a rough code was disappointing. Lucille described the spirit, courage and eternal opening-flower freshness of appearance of the "old dodo" who, as butler and factotum, had served the Vane household. The personality of Miss Jones, an English girl, overeducated, fond of poetry and stupid, who was the companion of the Vane household, the servants below stairs, the complete absence of any small yapping dogs, and finally her own failure to find any trace of the famous Thirty-three.

Miller had hoped that Lucille could get the Thirty-three and thus save him from all risks to himself. He believed he could count upon finding cover for her, but when he saw the robbery had "grown cold," and he was certain that his hold upon her affection was such that when the time came he could turn to her and find that the thirty-three stones were still in her possession. That she had failed to get them was a clue as to the place where old Mrs. Simms-Vane kept the necklace was unfortunate indeed.

The Hawk turned toward Lucille and said that she was breathing a little fast. "It's a lie," cried Lucille passionately. "The old fossil!"

The little lady passed once again across the face of the old lady. "I did not refer to Divine assistance," said she. You will fail, my dear, because you are not made of the stuff which succeeds. Your birth and breeding are held in absolute contempt by me, because I see that you are made of the base metals. You are unrestrained, passionate and vulgar. This is the reason I cannot make a mistake to come into conflict with one who was the wife of Mr. Simms-Vane. At the very outset you, sir, made a mistake. You failed to get the necklace where the necklace was laid away."

Miller threw his wet raincoat on the floor but did not take off his hat. He had a side-pocket at the side of his coat, and he was looking at it with interest, fascinated perhaps by the brightness of the eyes which glowed from the darkness of the coat.

"You are not very clever, young man," he said with a leer. "You've admitted that the Thirty-three was in this room."

He stepped out of her line of vision and she heard the drawer of the writing-desk opened and the sound of papers tossed about.

"Will you trust in one who never has broken her word to one?" he asked. "I promise to reward you both to the full. The necklace is the most treasured possession I have. It is because of its money value but because my husband gave it to me when we were young and very happy, that I will not have it taken from me."

The Hawk gave a coarse laugh. "Listen to her!" exclaimed Lucille. "Listen to her for yourselves," the old lady said. "I warn you."

Miller walked back until he stood in front of her. He had taken from his side-pocket a little ugly-looking automatic and he thrust the muzzle of it into her face.

"Where's the thing hid?" he growled.

Mrs. Simms-Vane shut her eyelids slowly and slowly opened them again. "Oh, what folly, my mistaken young man!" she said. "Do you believe that I fear that you will pull the trigger? Can you not see how beautiful that would be for me? But I forget myself. It is too much to hope. After all, you are only a bad man, and you are too cowardly to kill, only brave enough to lie and steal and poison poor young fools like pretty little Lucille. You would shoot me, because that would make a noise and you could not go on with your search. I cannot hope that you will pull that trigger."

THE rain slapped against the long windows and Lucille moved one foot a little on the hardwood floor. "You're a tough old nut," said Miller.

"Thank you, sir," replied Mrs. Simms-Vane. "That is very kind."

that the assistant cashier of the trust company had discovered what appeared to be an alteration in a check given to Harbarras, the fruiterer, that \$200 was involved and that she had been asked to go immediately to the down town offices.

"You will have to stay upstairs in Mrs. Simms-Vane's room," she told Lucille. "There will be nothing to do for her, and in spite of the downpour she will probably insist upon seeing her daily ride at 4. By that time probably shall return."

"Very good, Miss Jones," said Lucille. "I'm very sorry you are troubled."

At 2:28 the English spinster left the Simms-Vane mansion, and descending the steps walked southward down the Avenue toward the cross-town car line, bent with all seriousness upon her empty errand. Lucille, from the invalid's room, watched her moving black umbrella mingle with the dark-green groups of umbrellas above the wet pavement. When she turned back to look at Mrs. Simms-Vane the old lady had shut her eyes.

At a little after 2:30 Miller, The Hawk, wearing a conservative black raincoat, came up the steps, and having pressed the button which is centered in the familiar grinning bronze face at the Simms-Vane front door, stepped within the large vestibule.

Mrs. Simms-Vane opened her eyes. "The bell," she said to Lucille in her faint, muffled voice, "Hines is not here, I think."

"The room in which Mrs. Simms-Vane lives," she said, "is in the middle; and the two brass candlesticks from Granada, which had been used by Simms-Vane every evening, with his Justina, blooming with white, he had called it and smoked his after-dinner cigar, were still there."

The mechanical chair in which Mrs. Simms-Vane sat had been turned to the door leading into the hall. She was able to see the parlor, and appeared there, Mrs. Simms-Vane stared at the two without a flicker of an eyelash. She might have been in a box right in her own room at the time.

"Who is this gentleman, Lucille?" she asked. "Why does he come?"

"The Hawk," said Lucille. "He is a roughness which was over me. 'No nonsense.'"

"I think I understand," said the old lady. "He has been here before. I fear, Lucille, that we have been mistaken in him. That is too bad. And you, sir—will you kindly step back three yards and ask the parlor maid to bring me my infirmity to turn my head. You must forgive me. I prefer to look talking into the eyes."

Lucille stepped in front of the mechanical chair and met the old lady's "fading gaze."

"That's right, Mrs. Simms-Vane," said Lucille. "I understand. I see that that door open, Lucille, if any of the servants come for anything go out and send them off. Tell them this lady's asleep, because you are here."

He walked to the extension telephone set upon the table and with his open jackknife severed the green cord. "Now, sir, you may go. When alone, I came for the Thirty-three and you're going to tell me where it is."

THE old lady smiled. There was no movement in her or about her except the almost imperceptible stir of the lace about her neck and at her cuffs.

"You made a mistake to come here," she said softly. "It is true that I am helpless and, I cannot call for assistance, but there is that which will cause you to fail—you shall have a disaster."

Lucie started at her. The old lady's words sounded like a sentence pronounced by an impartial and not emotional judge.

"That's what you mean. My nerves are good for that stuff. My nerves are not," said Mrs. Simms-Vane.

The Hawk turned toward Lucille and said that she was breathing a little fast. "It's a lie," cried Lucille passionately. "The old fossil!"

The little lady passed once again across the face of the old lady. "I did not refer to Divine assistance," said she. You will fail, my dear, because you are not made of the stuff which succeeds. Your birth and breeding are held in absolute contempt by me, because I see that you are made of the base metals. You are unrestrained, passionate and vulgar. This is the reason I cannot make a mistake to come into conflict with one who was the wife of Mr. Simms-Vane. At the very outset you, sir, made a mistake. You failed to get the necklace where the necklace was laid away."

Miller threw his wet raincoat on the floor but did not take off his hat. He had a side-pocket at the side of his coat, and he was looking at it with interest, fascinated perhaps by the brightness of the eyes which glowed from the darkness of the coat.

"You are not very clever, young man," he said with a leer. "You've admitted that the Thirty-three was in this room."

He stepped out of her line of vision and she heard the drawer of the writing-desk opened and the sound of papers tossed about.

"Will you trust in one who never has broken her word to one?" he asked. "I promise to reward you both to the full. The necklace is the most treasured possession I have. It is because of its money value but because my husband gave it to me when we were young and very happy, that I will not have it taken from me."

The Hawk gave a coarse laugh. "Listen to her!" exclaimed Lucille. "Listen to her for yourselves," the old lady said. "I warn you."

Miller walked back until he stood in front of her. He had taken from his side-pocket a little ugly-looking automatic and he thrust the muzzle of it into her face.

"Where's the thing hid?" he growled.

Mrs. Simms-Vane shut her eyelids slowly and slowly opened them again. "Oh, what folly, my mistaken young man!" she said. "Do you believe that I fear that you will pull the trigger? Can you not see how beautiful that would be for me? But I forget myself. It is too much to hope. After all, you are only a bad man, and you are too cowardly to kill, only brave enough to lie and steal and poison poor young fools like pretty little Lucille. You would shoot me, because that would make a noise and you could not go on with your search. I cannot hope that you will pull that trigger."

the vases. Remember, she said it was 'laid away.' That's the cue. He began to examine the tea-table beside the invalid's chair; from this he went again to the writing-desk, tossing papers and books on the floor; he opened and emptied the drawers, he moved ornaments on the mantel above the fireplace. In the corner of the room he found a tea-wood cabinet in which one drawer was locked, and this he splintered open with the end of a pair of steel pliers. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the walls and peered behind them on the shelves, and now he came back and stared down at the little weapon of death and bit his lip. He raised his eyes at last and met the gaze of Lucille. The girl had lost her usual color, her face was desperate and pained. He had left his revolver on the table while he made his search and while Lucille pulled down the rare editions which lined the